

THE CARMELITE

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA
CALIFORNIA
WEDNESDAY
OCTOBER 24 1928
FIVE CENTS

VOLUME I

NUMBER 37

AN IMPORTANT LECTURE

Through the generosity of the Board of Education of the Sunset School, the people of Carmel are invited to hear a course of four lectures to be given during the autumn by Dr. H. G. Baynes, English psychoanalyst. Dr. Baynes has already lectured here before the Parent Teachers' Association; and his lecture filtering through the community has caused much discussion among parents.

The subject of the series will be "Modern Psychology in Relation to Child and Adult Education."

The first lecture occurs on Saturday evening of this week, at eight, and will discuss "The Discovery of the Unconscious. What is it?"

Subsequent lectures will include "The Function and Meaning of Dreams;" "The Effects of the Unconscious;" and "The Reconciliation of Conscious and Unconscious as a Goal of Individual Culture."

THE MOVING PICTURE SUPERSEDES THE DRAMA

Moving pictures take the place of the drama in the Theatre of the Golden Bough beginning tonight, Wednesday the twenty-fourth, when its doors will open under the direction of Gerald Hardy, formerly of the Manzanita Theater. The little Manzanita now softly closes its portals, without regret giving way to the bigger and the better.

The last word in musical synchronization has been uttered, the General Manager of the General Radio Corporation having personally installed its equipment in the theatre last Sunday, with the assistance of Paul Funchess of Carmel. New equipment, including machines, screen, and a heating system, is either in, or soon to be. Over the sidewalk swings the design representing the Golden Bough itself,—inviting all of Carmel, rich or poor, sumptuously gowned or in overalls, to enter.

The first picture is to be "Sorrell and Son." Prices are thirty-five cents, with fifteen cents for youngsters.

SAND DUNES AT HALCYON



from a drawing by Dora Hagemeyer.

OPEN COUNTRY

By Robinson Jeffers.

Beautiful charm of God, grave sanctity,
Wild quiet feet go wandering where you will,
There in the country plain you came to me;
A farmhouse glimmered under the far hill
All in the dying of the evening light;
The sea was miles away, his voice was heard;
The west glowed red, the farmhouse glimmered white,
Down the hushed air darted a homing bird.
There were no trees, the cattle were all gone
Up the far hill to nibble the new grass;
No moving life was there, I was alone;
In the west fire, in the west the waves' voice was,
In the east night. Beautiful smile of God
We are always meeting on some lonely road.

—(From "Poems" published by Book Club of California, 310 copies only).

Carmel News

A PLANT FILM

Last Monday night Dr. D. T. MacDougal showed a film which he accompanied with a fascinating little talk, on the Life History of the Climbing Red Bean. About thirty people were present at Peter Pan Lodge to share in this treat.

"We have the mistaken idea," said Dr. MacDougal, "That Man is the highest development organism in creation. As a matter of fact both animals and plants can do things better than we can; in almost every field and every activity the lower orders can beat us."

And how the film proved that statement! Prof. Uehlela, a Russian professor from Bron College Masaryk University, who worked with Dr. MacDougal in Tucson last year, had taken photographs of a climbing bean every fifteen minutes, day and night, during its life time; these were put together and speeded up so that the bean was seen growing.

But there was more than mere growth. The leaves were seen circumnutating, a circular movement they make in adjusting themselves to sunlight, the stem was seen circling around looking for a support and when it found one, twining itself about it and "growing" twice as quickly. When the support was removed, or when a shelf was attached to the pole as an obstacle, the stem reached around and about exactly the way the legs of an octopus reach, and though anthropomorphic remarks are not needed when speaking of such a romantic phenomenon of nature, one could not help laughing at the movement so like human endeavors to search for support, security,—a soul.

The vine was given a horizontal bar but would have none of it. It preferred to climb up its own self and grow upward toward the sun. Its striving upward is also influenced by gravity, however.

Dr. MacDougal answered many questions at the end but could not sate his fascinated audience. He has a gift that few scientists have, that of making his descriptions and explanations clear and understandable by the layman without sacrificing any scientific exactitude. His speech is as graceful as that climbing red bean reaching out to grab hold of life.

Next month Dr. MacDougal is going to Washington to be Chairman of a congress of botanists and plant biologists which is to discuss cycles. The Doctor thinks the theory of cycles in plant life is not proven and he will challenge those who disagree, to produce their proofs. He promised last night to write the Carmelite the result.

We went home that night and the film

went back to Barnard College (whence it had journeyed for this showing), and we thought that only a poet could do justice to what we had seen. But then Dr. MacDougal is half a poet.

LECTURES HERE NEXT WEEK

Mr. A.R. Orage returns to Carmel next week to give two lectures. His talks here last summer drew increasingly large audiences, and stimulated intense discussion. Readers of the work in New York of men like Waldo Frank and Frank Lewis Mumford, leaders of the intellectual life of our times, note there the strong influence of the thinking and ideas of Orage. We receive a new book on education, just off the press, by Margaret Naumburg, founder of the Walden School in New York, and find that it reflects the attitudes and opinions of Orage most specifically. His convictions are affecting the work of modern educators, artists, and thinkers of today; and altering the course of contemporary human behavior.

Mr. Orage will lecture in Carmel at the Greene studio on Thursday, November the first; and on Friday the second at the Lincoln Steffens'. His subject there will be of general interest in Carmel, for it is concerned with the art of Writing. Mr. Orage was editor of *The New Age* in London; is the author of several volumes. His style in speaking and writing has great charm and in itself of distinguished beauty.

The lectures, although given in private houses, are public, with an admission of a dollar.

COME BE A GOOD SCOUT

Girl Scouts, Troop Number Two, are having a Halloween party on Friday evening of this week at seven-thirty. They hope to raise funds toward their Scout House. Ten pennies, or one dime, or two one cent stamps, or five twos, will be accepted to admit you to the fun.

ELECTION RELIGIOUS ISSUES!

Wearing a Hoover button, a lady looking in window of a Carmel shop selling objets d'art. Pottery. Chinese lacquers. An old Italian painting of the Virgin Mary.

She opens the door with a vigorous gesture. In the shop: "Is your proprietor voting for that Al Smith?"

Shop assistant: Well really, I don't know...I...

Indignant Hoover Lady: Well, what are all those virgins and Roman Catholic trumpery doing in your window?

S. A.: But that is Art!

I. H. L. ART! Why, it's the most atrocious Smith propaganda! Tell your proprietor to take it out of the window at

THE CARMELITE CALENDAR

October

- 25 Al Smith dinner—Lincoln Inn at 7:00.
- 25-28 Comedy—The Bad Man. Carmel Playhouse, evenings at 8:30.
- 27 Lecture—at the Sunset School at 8:00. By Dr. H. G. Baynes, psychoanalyst. Open to the public.
- 28 Divine Services—All Saints Chapel, Community Church, Christian Science at 11:00 a. m. Carmel Mission at 10:00 a. m.
- 29 Hoover Luncheon—Pine Inn at 12:30.
- 30 Halloween.

November

- 1 Lecture—at the C. S. Greene studio, Lincoln near Thirteenth, by A. R. Orage, on Neo-Behaviorism.
- 2 Open lecture—residence of the Lincoln Steffens', by A. R. Orage, on How to Write. Admission a dollar.

once, or I'll cease patronizing the shop!

(There is a slight smile on the old Italian painting of the Virgin, who looks as though she were perhaps pondering whether it would be necessary this December for good loyal Republicans to abolish Christmas too!)

FOR THE CHURCH

A friend asked Alexander the Great for ten talents. Alexander donated 50, saying:

"Ten may be enough for you to receive, but not for me to give."

The Finance Committee of the Community church needs a budget of \$50 a week to cover the running expense of the church. This includes many expenditures, below which the church can not profitably run. Out of this budget no person receives more than a workman.

The church asks its friends to help in the maintenance of its community service. A check will be appreciated if mailed to Miss Myrtle Arne, Treasurer Community Church.

Dr. Carl M. Warner, of San Francisco, will preach in the Community Church on Sunday at eleven. Mrs. O. W. Bardarson will sing.

The Junior League will hold a Halloween party in the church Parlors Saturday evening.

Personal Bits . .

PAGE THREE

Roger Sturtevant, having returned from photographic adventures in Oregon, reports that he travelled by every sort of conveyance except horse and airplane. He rode on trains, busses, locomotives, trucks, and tractors, swallowing clouds of dust, gloomily contemplating rains; watching a few stray snowflakes melt on his coat; saw the Columbia Gorge with its crags wreathed in clouds,—an equal in beauty of the Big Sur.

Mrs. Bernard Rowntree has gone South in her automobile. She will look about Pasadena, San Diego and even further, for the California wild flower seeds she collects and sends all over the world.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Boynton had a tea on Sunday and showed some of Mr. Boynton's sketches of the hills. At the tea were Caroline Blackman and Virginia Tooker, (who used to be one of Mr. Boynton's pupils at the Art School in San Francisco), Mr. and Mrs. Fred Becholdt, Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln Steffens, Mrs. Ronchi (wife of the anti-Fascist Italian editor in San Francisco) and Teresa Lockridge.

Word has been received from Hartnell Lockridge that he is assiduously riding horseback in Santa Fe and that it is snowing there.

Mrs. Theodore Criley stopped an argument the other day. Someone remarked that one of the most crying needs in the world was to smash Respectability. It took the place of morality, it kept people from self knowledge and set up a false front for the worst of all evils: the immorality of the righteous.

"You can't smash respectability" said Mrs. Criley. "You can break down some affectation, like covering womens' knees, but when you make short skirts conventional, they and their display become respectable."

What is the answer to that? Cannot we ever have honesty? Will righteousness, which Jesus of Nazareth condemned, prevail forever?

Fremont and Mrs. Older visited Carmel on their way to the Municipal Rose Garden-party last Sunday forenoon. He is interested in news, she in history, especially California history; she in flowers, he—well, as he chatted about the strangulation of Hickman, he picked the dead leaves off the pot flowers.

Dr. H. G. Baynes has left Carmel and gone to live in Berkeley for a time.

Dr. Elizabeth C. Whitney, children's specialist, who has been spending the summer in the Lark Cottage, has returned to San Francisco with her little daughter Frances. She will, however, come down for week-ends.

Miss Emily Wildhagen has recovered from her illness and has started work at Mrs. Breinig's Nursery School.

Mrs. Victor Lichtenstein and her daughter Henriette and Dr. Stanley Rypins were the guests of Roger Sturtevant over the week-end.

Lincoln Steffens is leaving at the end of this week for a lecture tour of the United States. Starting at Denver on November 1st he will speak at Milwaukee, Chicago, St. Louis, Boston, New York; will probably debate with Clarence Darrow; and give some talks on the Pacific coast on the way home. He expects to be away a month to six weeks. His subjects are: "The Bankruptcy of Liberalism," "Seeing China from Moscow," "Liberals can achieve only an Armistice, not Peace," "Dictators at Home and Abroad," "What To Do With Boy Bandits."

FROM THE AUSTRALIAN SENATE

Mrs. Dora Hagemeyer has as her guest this week, General W. G. Thompson, a relative of her family from Sydney, Australia. General Thompson is a senator of the Commonwealth of Australia and is returning from a Canadian tour made by representatives of the parliaments of self-governing dominions of the British Empire and India. These tours are made every two years to different parts of the Empire. This year it was Canada's turn to entertain the delegation.

General Thompson said: "While representing all parts of the dominion, this delegation has no responsibility but to ascertain by personal contact the problems of each country and endeavor to find ways of furthering the interests of all concerned both as to trade and sentiment. When dominions are recognized by the League of Nations as separate entities there is much scope for discussion and interchange of opinion on world matters, while the tendency to encourage trade within the empire also affords a wide field for investigation."

The delegation was entertained very widely. Conferences were held at Ottawa and provincial capitals and matters such as migration and interchange of articles of trade were fully and freely discussed. Viscount Peel led the deputation from beginning to end. It was composed of representatives from Great Britain, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Newfoundland, Malta, Irish Free State, and India.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Gale have returned to their cottage in Carmel after an absence of a year and a half, spent in San Francisco and in Maine. Both have been very busy,—Mr. Gale's last book being published in the spring.

Frank Sheridan is campaigning next week for Smith from San Luis Obispo to San Mateo, speaking in most of the Cities and towns between.

Mr. Sheridan heard Dudley Field Malone speak at the Dreamland Auditorium in San Francisco. Malone also was campaigning for Smith. Mr. Sheridan says that, quite irrespective of politics, his was one of the finest examples of oratory that he has heard in years,—of the caliber of Webster, Calhoun, Cochran, the great orators of history.

THE SEARCH SEMINARS

Dr. Preston W. Search, a veteran educator, with a long and honorable career as superintendent of schools in several great cities in the United States, conducts a Classical Seminar in Carmel on the second and fourth Tuesday of every month. The general theme for the year is, "The Renaissance." The subject for the next lecture is, "Florence, the Alma Mater of Modern Culture." Mr. Search's lectures are held at his home, Casa de Rosas, at Thirteenth and Casanova, and are open to all,—a graceful generosity on the part of a man of learning and of rich life experience.

AT A CARMEL TEA

Visitor from Upper New York State (to Young Woman Reporter from a Peninsula Newspaper.) Have you a Rotary Club in Carmel?

Young Reporter: (fervently) Thank God, no!

Visitor from U. N. Y. S. (bridling) No? Why not?

Young Reporter: (recognizing the immediate necessity of tact): Why, there is a Rotary Club in Monterey, and that seems to be enough.

V. f. U. N. Y. S. (devastatingly) :Well, in a town which has NO STREET LIGHTS and NO PAVED SIDEWALKS, it is obvious that a Rotary Club is most urgently needed!

(Young Reporter hastens out and endeavors to organize a Carmel Rotary Club at once.)

WANTED

Goodlooking twins of about six, boy and girl, for photographer's models. Apply Sturtevant studio, Court of the Golden Bough.

Mrs. John Bathen is in San Jose this week lecturing.

The Theatre . . . The Movies

THE BAD MAN

A thoroughly "died-in-the-wool" bad man, and a cow girl, and New York dudes, and cow men. . . lots of them. . . and shots and killings and mortgages. . . all these things. . . and all of them in a comedy. . . that is the Bad Man, the Abalone League's presentation this week at the Carmel Playhouse.

It has become a tradition, this offering of the Bad Man. . . and it has become one in the natural, inevitable way that makes for a real tradition.

Of course whenever anything becomes a real tradition there is always a reason. . . and in this case there are several. Probably the comedy that lurks in every situation, combined with real suspense. . . that suspense which so many plays attempt to attain and so few really do. . . is the chief reason the play is so popular. But even despite that, there are other reasons. Jo Mora makes of the Bad Man an irresistible creature. . . so thoroughly bad, and so charmingly conscienceless, and so delightfully naive. And that is another reason. No discussion of local theatrical history is ever complete. . . no argument over comparative performances is ever settled. . . until the question. . . "Yes but did you see Jo Mora in the Bad Man?" has been answered.

GOLDEN BOUGH PROGRAM

The Theatre of the Golden Bough will offer as its first picture "Sorrell and Son," based upon the novel by Warwick Deeping, the English best-seller.

Herbert Brenon, the director, took the members of the cast from Hollywood to England and in original locales there much of this picture was filmed. This picture will be shown today and tomorrow.

On Friday will be shown "East Side, West Side" featuring George O'Brien and Virginia Valli. This story is taken from Felix Riesenbergs's novel by the same name.

On Saturday there will be two feature pictures; Tom Mix in Tumbling River and Estelle Taylor and Lillian Tashman in Lady Raffles, a mystery drama which holds the interest from start to finish. Besides these two features will be the latest News Events and an Oswald (The Rabbit) Cartoon.

On Sunday and Monday comes "Wheels of Chance," featuring Richard Barthelmess, a story by Fannie Hurst of a boy drawn between brother-love, duty, and the love of a girl. There are two twins, (both played by Barthelmess,) growing up under different environments.

THE THEATRE of the

GOLDEN BOUGH

The Theatre Composed Entirely of Loge Seats

Opening Wednesday, October 24th, to be Open
Every Night of the Year

Two Complete Shows Each Night

First Show, 7:00 O'clock — Second Show, 8:45 O'clock

Admission: Children 15c; Adults 35c Last 3 Rows 50c

Smoking Allowed in the Last Six Rows

WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24 AND 25

SORRELL AND SON

From the Famous Novel

Friday, October 26th
EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE
Featuring George O'Brien

Saturday, October 27th
2—Feature Pictures—2
Tom Mix in TUMBLING RIVER
and LADY RAFFLES
also News and Cartoon

Sunday, Monday, Oct. 28, 29
Richard Barthelmess in
WHEEL OF CHANCE

Tuesday, October 30th
Dolores Del Rio in
LOVES OF CARMEN

Wednesday, October 31st
HAROLD TEEN

GIVE US YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS AND WE WILL SEND YOU
OUR PROGRAM REGULARLY

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Thrillingly dramatic!

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Saturday and Sunday

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For public meetings,
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GOLDEN STATE THEATRE

Telephone: MONTEREY 1500

Wednesday, Oct. 24th

"BEWARE OF MARRIED MEN"

Starring IRENE RICH
on the stage at 4, 7 and 9:30
NAT HOLT'S COMEDIANS

Thur. Fri. and Sat., 25, 26, and 27
Cecil B. De Mille's

"KING OF KINGS"

Adults—50c
Children (Matinee) 15c Night 25c

Sunday, Oct. 28th

DANE and ARTHUR in

"DETECTIVES"

On the stage: 5 ACTS OF
GOLDEN STATE VAUDEVILLE

Monday, Tuesday, Oct. 29th, 30th
CHARLES FARRELL and
GRETA NISSEN in

"FAZIL"

Wednesday, Oct. 31st

MADGE BELLAMY in

"THE PLAY GIRL"

on Stage at 4, 7 and 9:30
NAT HOLT'S COMEDIANS

THE CARMELITE, October 24, 1928

SEEN ON OCEAN AVENUE

Mrs. Criley calling it Ocean Boulevard.

* * * *

Cars parked outside Marcella Burke's temporary diggings. Reminding one of old times.

* * * *

Mrs. Helen Deusner absent-mindedly landscaping her son's hair.

* * * *

Several Carmel garden enthusiasts planting to a plan. (So it pays to advertise!)

* * * *

Mr. J. B. Adams proudly surveying his almost-finished two story grey house on Carmelo.

* * * *

A new shoe shining parlor on Ocean. Another reason for not paving Carmel.

* * * *

A new Antique shop open. Soon we shall have to have a directory.

* * * *

A Salvation Army lassie remonstrating with Jo Mora. It's all right to save in public, but to advertise that you're a Bad Man. . .!

* * * *

No Janie Johnston.

* * * *

Smith-ite shop assistants slinking out of sight of their Hoover bosses to share a sympathetic wink with other Smith-ites.

* * * *

Miss Helen Rosencrans Atlas bearing the weight of the country on her shoulders.

* * * *

Privileged participants in Carmel Rural Delivery Route No. 1 stealing to the Post Office and enviously watching those who still enter as by right.

* * * *

Carmelites shopping to the accompaniment of Music from the Azores, chaffering from China, and high principled speeches from Ceylon (all over the radio).

* * * *

Somebody paying a bill.

* * * *

No-one complaining of anything.

* * * *

Roger Sturtevant hectically looking for twins and pianos. No, he brought no mental disease back from Idaho. He is merely illustrating a children's book for Christmas by Miss Lichtenstein, and it's about a pair of twins.

* * * *

Mrs. Robinson Jeffers complaining because we don't spell no-one with a hyphen. So we do.

* * * *

The Jeffers' family pilgrimaging to Watsonville to buy more trees.

* * * *

Gerald Hardy trying to fix a light in front of the Golden Bough Movie so that the low-brows will see by it and the arty people won't notice it.

* * * *

The Manzanita bidding a fond and wistful farewell to its glory. We'll miss you, Little Theater.

"You don't see this anywhere else"
That's what our visitors say. . . .



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Bridge sets
Imported Italian
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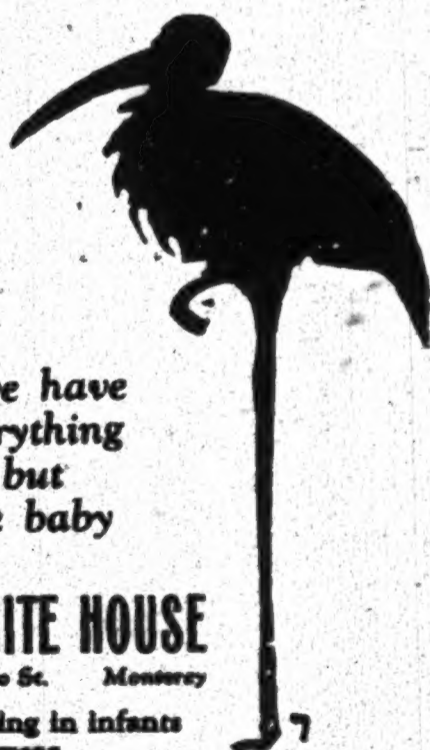
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The Youngest Set

Garth and Donnan Jeffers (11) are having their first experience of school. The other day all the older boys (who are for Smith) were "torturing" the younger boys (who are for Hoover), to make them vote for the New Yorker. Garth told his father and mother on his return home about the tortures.

"But where were you, Donnan?" asked their father, "Why weren't you helping your brother?"

"Oh, I was busy being tortured myself," said Donnan.

* * * *

A very new member has been added to Carmel's Youngest Set. Wilfred Hunkins, grandson of Mr. and Mrs. James Hopper, and son of Elizabeth (nee Hopper) and Wilfred Romaine Hunkins, was born in San Francisco on October 1st. He is now comfortably ensconced in a cradle at the Hopper home in the Eighty Acres. His mother is having a great deal of free time, and his grandmother a very busy time (by choice). Small Wilfred goes out to see all the neighbors in the cradle in the Ford.

His grandfather tells us he is as yet little more than a wail, but nevertheless he is trying hard not to get attached to that wail.

* * * *

The children had been playing by themselves on the beach.

"I don't know," said their father afterwards. "Seems to me they waste an awful lot of time that way. Don't you think the play ought to be SUPERVISED?"

Later on the mother found Mary (11) in her room sobbing.

"Why Mary! What is it?"

"O Mother," came a tragic voice through tears, "not SUPERVISED! Not the PLAY supervised TOO!"

* * * *

Small boy, just finished with the orthodontist who has straightened some very crooked teeth (looking in the mirror):

"Doctor, they say that love is blind, but it pays to be beautiful."

* * * *

Bobby Hayes (4) has been gleaning information on that puzzling problem, birth. One cloudy day he was driving with his mother. Bobby gazed at the sky, long and wonderingly.

"Mummy, look at all the horsepitals," he murmured.

"The what?" gasped his mother.

"Didn't you say I came from the clouds?" asked Bobby.

Anne Martin (5) had cold feet. Her father, who adores her, was rubbing them for her. Anne called her mother to come and rub too. When both were at work Anne said, "Keep it up; don't stop; You look so sweet together." The father thought this showed how "cunning" his child was; the mother, how cunning.

* * *

"Mama, if I hurry now you will be so glad and you will be, so prised, won't you?"

FROM THE SUNSET SCHOOL

A SPOOKY NIGHT

On Hallowe'en the ghosts are out
And spooks and spirits are all about.
You hear the yowling of cats outside,
And shadows in the corner hide.
Through windows Jack-o-lanterns stare,
And to go outside we do not dare
For outside it is very dark
And witches on brooms are on a lark.
But Hallowe'en's a lot of fun
And I am glad when it's begun
I'm not afraid of spooks and cats
(When I watch them through the win-
dow slats.)

—Ruth Kellogg, 8th Grade

LOSS OF MEMBERS BY THE DARLING FAMILY

By Mollie Darling

Alas! and Alack! the Darling family has lost two of its members.

Mother awoke to hear a scratching, ripping, tearing sound. She awoke Mr. Darling and he went to discover what the noise was. The children awakened and inquired what was the matter. Just then Mother heard a squeak and said Oh! the rabbits! The rabbits were the personal property of Gordon and Billy. As my father turned on the porch light and whistled to our dog who was inside, to let him out, a big brute of a dog came running up the front steps.

The next morning we found the strong pen of the two rabbits torn to pieces. In the back yard lay one rabbit half destroyed by the big brute of a dog. The other one has not come to light yet.

This all happened Wednesday night, September 27, about one thirty.

The rabbits were a present given to my brothers who are eight and eleven. The boys wish they could find the dog who committed this terrible crime.

* * *

This morning the sixth grade had a court trial. It was the first and longest trial in school since vacation, but we haven't been in school very long.

Joe Schoeninger was acting as judge; Coragene Mallory was attorney for the defense, and Harry Turner was prosecuting attorney.

—Kenneth Macleish.

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Lunches every day
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AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

The Arts . . .

John O'Shea and Mrs. O'Shea return next week from two months in the South Seas. We shall be interested to hear or, rather to see what Mr. O'Shea has done with these islands, which have proved a revelation to so many painters.

* * * *

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Dougherty gave an informal little dinner and a reception afterwards at Peter Pan Lodge on the eve of their departure for Tucson, Arizona. Dr. and Mrs. MacDougal, Mr. Fitzgerald (a young painter who has been going out with the fishing boats in Monterey), Miss Alycia Clark, and Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln Steffens were the guests at dinner, and Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Criley, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Watts, and Miss Pickett came in afterwards. Mr. Dougherty showed the sketches or "notes" in oils which he has been painting around Point Lobos. He caught the Point in every weather, every mood, every combination of coloring, and has achieved some extremely interesting combinations. One of a wave coming up under a rock and crossing another wave he painted three times.

Mr. Dougherty is taking the pictures with him to Arizona and will probably make some big canvases out of some of them. There, in the hot deserts these "notes" will enable him to recall our Pacific in sunshine, in fog, in calm cobalt blue or grey and white-foamed anger. Green cool whirlpools will look up at him as he fries on the desert and maybe our fogs and cool sunshine will lure him here again in January.

The rocks of Point Lobos may have given him cramps on many a foggy afternoon, but if they have gratitude in their make-up they will welcome back again a friend who can see them and put them down as Paul Dougherty does.

* * * *

Mortimer Fleischacker drove through Carmel last week and stayed a day at Peter Pan Lodge. Mrs. Fleischacker saw and coveted a Dougherty painting of the coast, and offered every wile to the painter to sell it to her. Mr. Dougherty does not usually sell these "notes." But it was Mrs. Fleischacker's wedding anniversary; and Paul Dougherty was here on his honeymoon. We do not know if there was any connection but Mrs. Fleischacker went away the richer by a Point Lobos, a "Paul Dougherty."

* * * *

Peter Pan Lodge has also a memento of the painter's stay. He made for and gave them as a token of his pleasure and gratitude for the care Miss Pickett and her associates lavished on him, a little glory of rocks, sea and foam.

A CHARMING ADDITION TO
OCEAN AVENUE

We have all been watching with curiosity the building of the little white Spanish house next to the Bank of Carmel and wondering what new thing it would bring to the village. And this week our question is answered.

Major Hairs, who comes from Australia, and Mrs. Hairs, who is American, decided to live in America, and they wandered up and down the California coast till they fell upon Carmel. "And I fell in love with it immediately" said Mrs. Hairs "and so we came here and took a house on 13th and Dolores, and last Monday we opened this shop under the name of "Merle's Treasure Chest."

And that name aptly describes the Aladdin's cave you walk into when you cross the threshold of the shop Mr. Bigland has built. Here are bronzes and vases and shawls and rugs gathered from the four corners of the earth. An Indian table, hexagonal (surely a magic shape?), inlaid with ivory, wrought iron gongs of such mellow sound that you would forget to come into lunch when summoned by one of them; woodbaskets from San Francisco of hand-beaten copper of which there are no other examples; hand-made Benares ware contrasting richly with the brighter, newer and more modern part machine-made Jahore ware. A Louis XVI inlaid cabinet; Italian leather goods; old Indian Camel's-hair shawls. There are rings and brooches and necklaces from China and India and Paris; amber and jet and onyx. A brooch carved out of an Australian emu egg by a Japanese who has since died. Persia, Tibet, Java, the South Sea Islands as well as Europe send their carved woods and boxes and ivories.

And there is the first showing in this country of the vases of futuristic design, of which so much has been written, which are made in Germany. Silver inlaid on bronze, on verde; green and autumn brown and gold.

You come out from a visit to this shop and you have to rub your eyes and look again to make sure you are on Ocean Avenue, Carmel.

The photographic prints of Roger Sturtevant, which have been on exhibit in the International Salon at the Palace of the Legion of Honor in San Francisco, will be on view at the Sturtevant studio in Carmel for the next two weeks.

Because my eyes are vibrant with love, they ask me: Who is the beloved? I shake my head and say: Men of little love! Who is NOT the beloved?

—D. Rudhyar.

There are two things to study in dreams—their essential meaning and the forms which consciousness takes.

—H. G. Baynes.

TALES OF RUSSIAN
PEASANT LIFE

In the October issue of "Asia" is a story by Albert Rhys Williams of Carmel. It is the life tale of a Russian peasant before and since the Revolution. The charm of the story lies in its utter folk simplicity, which gives as though from the very heart the feeling of the life of these child-like people. We quote bits, but encourage the reading of the whole from its original source: "When Vasily entered the Red Army he was greeted with the new slogan, 'Every Red Army soldier a literate man.' The battalion commander was dead in earnest about the matter. He assembled his illiterates and said: 'Tovaristchi! Every citizen of the Soviet Republic must be literate. I'll give you three months. If you can't read then, you go to the front-line trenches.'

In other words—learn or die.

"What is this?" the instructor would ask, houlding up the letter P carved in wood. 'R,' 'B,' came the answers of the bearded pupils, groaning from the unaccustomed mental strain. It was torment. Three deserted. Eleven cheerfully chose the front, preferring a death grapple with the Whites to one with the alphabet. But Vasily stuck, fumbling away at the letters he made out of twigs. In three months he was writing home to his village. In three years he was village correspondent. To extract ideas out of the once so mysterious books, to lay out his own ideas on paper—this was joy and power.

"...on one occasion a bridle had been stolen from the colony farm near the Volga. Vasily was sure of the guilt of one of the boys, but he tried all in vain to grill out a confession. As a last resort he laid a sheaf of straw on the floor. 'Now,' he said solemnly. 'Each one of you must step over it. The straw will tell the thief by the rustling. But step across the center. Otherwise I shan't know.'

"Four boys in turn came bravely up, swinging their legs squarely across the sheaf. The fifth, hesitating, tried to slide around the end. 'Thief!' cried Vasily, pouncing upon the culprit. Without further ado he had his bridle back, but I am not sure that he himself had not expected the straw to rustle."

The Russian revolution is going well. Don't judge it. You may not like socialism, but watch it; maybe, MAYBE that it the way to solve our social problem.

A peace conference is like any other tea.

An honest man is a man who stays bought.

—Lincoln Steffens.

You can't not desire to continue a desirable emotion.

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that chair-leg
again!

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Peter's Paragraphs

In the course of the conversation at a dinner given last week by the Misses Margery and Nancy Davis, Mr. Armin Hansen, the painter, said that laymen who knew nothing of the technique of painting generally bought his best pictures.

"I don't know how they do it," he added, "or why, but again and again I have had them come into my studio, pick my best thing and, though I showed them others and some times steered them off just for the fun of it, they would come back and say 'I'll take that one.'"

"The same thing has happened to me," Hansen was repeated to Stanley Wood. He reflected a moment and then confirmed it.

"The same thing has happened to me," he said, "I have had laymen choose pictures I thought none but painters would see."

Maybe we laymen are not so bad as we think. Maybe the trouble with the art market is not that the public has no taste, but that the layman is made to doubt his taste. When he buys a painting by one artist and shows it to another artist, what he frequently gets is something like this: "It is all right and fine for you to buy pictures. You should; if you laymen don't buy, we painters can't live and paint. But, my dear fellow, why buy a thing like that? If you are going to encourage art, for heaven's sake buy good art, by an artist." One man we know was turned from modern art to old masterpieces by this sort of experience. He was made to distrust his own judgment, and took that of the connoisseurs and European dealers. Modern artists try to spoil this sport too; they tell how the rich patrons are stung on their old masters. And they are. They have learned to buy guarantees with their pictures and, as that proves fallible, they quit the game. There is a growing feeling among laymen that they make themselves ridiculous by whatever they do in the art line.

We heard at a tea in the Highlands one afternoon a story that solves the laymen's problem. A butcher, who, as he became rich, bought pictures, was proud of his collection. He dared to show it even to painters. One painter was amazed at the excellence of those pictures and wondered how the butcher came by his taste. The butcher showed him. He took him up into his attic and there revealed his store of "bad pictures." They were not so bad; they were simply not so good as the things down stairs. The butcher's taste had changed; his judgment had been improved by his buying. But his taste was his own, his judgment

THE CARMELITE, October 24, 1928

was, for better or worse, his judgment. His conclusion was that every private gallery of art should have an attic attached, so that as you buy and learn, you can get rid of the "mistakes" you are through with. This man had profited by his errors and made himself an appreciator of art whom no artist could frighten out of art buying.

By the way, several painters have said recently that Los Angeles is a better picture-buyer than San Francisco. This is interesting. San Francisco used to be a sensitive, independent market for all the arts, taking what it liked regardless of others. San Francisco discovered singers; all musicians loved to appear there. San Francisco used to spot a new painter on sight. What has happened to make San Franciscans go now to New York and Paris to be told what pictures to buy? They have been listening to artists talk about one another? They have no attics?

One layman's belief is that, whether the public is or is not a fair judge of art, no artist is. But, then, art, like Man himself, is not to be judged, but only loved.

A newspaper heading in stud type read: "The 'Fox' Strangled to Death." That should sate the murderous lust of all the unconscious foxes—who get their State to do their killing for them, while they remain respectable and undetected.

I shall ask for the abolition of capital punishment until I have the infallibility of human judgment demonstrated to me.
—La Fayette.

Iceland will celebrate the one thousandth anniversary of its government in 1930.

All beliefs are subject to controversy in the end.
—Henry Cowell.

A man's sociability stands very nearly in inverse ratio to his intellectual value.
—Schopenhauer.

"I like to talk to hungry minds, don't you?"
—William G. Shepherd.

The week-willed man's delight is the irrevocability of action.

Art is the expression of the spirit in the forms of sense.

All modes of government are failures.
—Oscar Wilde.

I only have to want to believe a thing to know it is false.
—Bertrand Russell.

The work of Science is the gradual de-personification of the myth.
—Ribot.

Distinction between the thinker and the actor—"I can talk—that's why I'm here, but I can't DO a thing."

HOW PROMINENT NEWSPAPERS AND DISTINGUISHED STATESMEN AND PUBLISHERS VALUE ALFRED E. SMITH

N. Y. SUN (Republican):

"Among all these outstanding figures none has shown himself a greater leader or a harder fighter than Al Smith. He has gripped the imagination of the people and won their enthusiastic endorsement by putting through the reform measures which they wanted and which seemed hopelessly blocked by a hostile Legislature."

N. Y. TIMES (Independent):

"As it is the State has still a duty to discharge to its schools, and Governor Smith, who has given an earnest of what his policy will be by what he has already done, is best able to undertake it. The public schools have had no better friend at Albany than ALFRED E. SMITH."

N. Y. TRIBUNE (Republican):

"The State, through Governor Smith, is saved from the reproach of narrowness and bigotry. It is revealed as big and magnanimous as a State should be."

Walter Lippmann, in the N. Y. WORLD:

"* * * For Smith possesses in addition to a profound and detailed knowledge of State government a genuine wisdom about government. He deals in no abstractions hatched out of his own self-righteousness. And he is, therefore, the greatest force for good government that this State possesses. He combines, as no other man does today, the ability to win popular support with the passion and capacity for genuine reform."

ROCHESTER, N. Y. (Independent) HERALD:

"New York knows Al Smith, and has known him from boyhood up, for his sterling honesty, his intelligent statesmanship, his devotion to high ideals of public duty, and his withering contempt of those

who would have turned him aside from the straight path of honorable service. With every revelation in Washington, the choice of possible candidates continues to narrow. When the National Convention of the Democratic party convenes in New York next June, it is safe to predict that of the possibilities in names before the delegates, none will be more deserving of consideration than that of Governor Alfred E. Smith, of New York."

SYRACUSE, N. Y. HERALD (Independent):

"We of New York know Governor Smith as an administrator whose campaign promises are translated into performance. We have seen him accomplish great things for the State, including a radical reorganization of its government in the interest of business efficiency. We have seen him wring from hostile and reluctant Legislatures whole batches of reforms that are now functioning for the benefit of the State and its people. * * * We may pertinently apply to it the words of Daniel Webster — 'The past, at least, is secure.'"

ELIHU ROOT (Republican), as presiding officer of N. Y. State Constitutional Convention, 1915, said:

"Of all the men in the Convention, Alfred E. Smith is the best-informed on the business of the State of New York."

THE VERY REVEREND HOWARD C. ROBBINS, Dean of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, New York City, said:

"I feel that Governor Smith has shown himself a singularly well-balanced, capable and forceful executive. The social legislation which he has advocated has been humane and liberal without being unduly radical, and has marked out a safe line of progress. He has been independent and fearless, and on more than one occasion his vetoes have saved the State from the

disastrous consequences of hasty, ill-advised, and un-American legislation. He has had the interest of all the people of the State at heart, and his sincerity and courage have won for him nation-wide recognition."

VIRGINIA C. GILDERSLEEVE, Dean of Barnard College, New York City, said:

"Alfred E. Smith has made an excellent Governor and has shown a knowledge of State affairs which very few of our Governors have ever possessed."

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER, (Republican), President of Columbia University, in confirming an honorary degree, said:

"Born on Manhattan Island and trained in the hard school of its many sided and cosmopolitan life; since manhood a constant and eager public servant in posts of steadily growing importance and authority; sometime Speaker of the Assembly, member of the Constitutional Convention of 1915; three times chosen by the people of a truly imperial State to be their Governor, alert, effective, public spirited and courageous, constantly speaking the true voice of the people; on this one hundredth anniversary of the commencement at which your great predecessor, De Witt Clinton, received like honor, I gladly admit you to the degree of Doctor of Laws of this University."

LINCOLN STEFFENS said:

"Smith is for good business, which means he's against business corruption and privileges. No Teapot Dome could happen under him. He is for religious tolerance. He is intelligent, efficient and generous. AND he has a sense of humor."

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Editorials . . .

THE ROAD TO OUR COMMONWEALTH

All the leading men and interests of the county seem to have agreed among themselves to lead us to vote for the bond issue and it looks as if we would do so. The basis, the terms and the purposes of the loan are all right, financially. We need the roads planned; especially Pacific Grove's short cut to civilization. But the question is not only one of automobile roads. When that bond issue is voted it will open a highway into the commonwealth of Monterey County and clear the road to improvements. An unbonded county like ours is almost as rich as some rich men; our common credit is greater and sounder than all our banks put together. Financiers must groan at the sight of this idle fund of credit, and politicians and improvers must lick their chops when they think of what they could do, if they were free to vote moneys that would cost us in taxes only the interest and sinking fund charges. We, the voters, would hardly notice such taxes. We are hardly noticing this first bond proposal; there is little opposition to it; a careless majority may let an alert minority carry it. And that may be all right. But the first bond issue will not be the last bond proposal. It will be the opening of the road to the policy of improvements which Carmel has already resisted.

NOW OR NEVER

That policy of blocking improvements cannot continue. Evolution will sweep over us; it is an irresistible force. Mere negation won't do. The Pine Cone has seen that and suggested an intelligent way to accomplish what instinct has been

trying to do. Those who want to keep Carmel a village must overcome evil with good. If we don't like the plans of the improvers we must make our own plan, not to stop growth, but to direct it along the paths we think it should go. There will be a big town here or a big village, a Pasadena or a Los Angeles or—something new on the face of the earth: a wide-spread village of Carmel. This choice should be made before this bond issue is voted, but if it isn't, then, immediately the bonds are authorized, the artists among us, not the arty and not the dealers in land, should get together and make a plan for the inevitable growth of Carmel and also the Monterey Peninsula.

THE CITY ON A HILL

Enough is known to enable man to make this region as beautiful for the children of men as nature made it for the birds. Experiments have been made in city and in village planning in many countries. A little inquiry would put us in a state of mind where we could take the best, the successful achievements of all these places, add some ideas of our own, and produce here the village on the hill that the prophets of old predicted. We can have it right here. Indeed the time is coming when we shall have to have it—or not. That, to us, is the significance of the bond question.

Correspondence

WANTED!

"DEEDS NOT WORDS"!

Mesdames les Editeurs:

An ambassador of "Good Queen Bess" described his calling as "one sent to lie abroad for the good of his country." A few days ago envoys from many countries met in Paris, and, with much pomp and ceremony, signed a solemn agreement to "outlaw war."

Barely dry was the ink on this Kellogg pact to outlaw war than two leading European civilized nations secretly subscribed to another pact of an entirely different order, virtually agreeing to fight side by side in the next war. This in face of the fact that "open covenants openly arrived at" was one of the objects supposed to have been gained for the Future by the late World War.

Politicians may acquire prestige and place by palaver; the peoples want deeds not words! Peace by the only sane system—disarmament—is their program for to-day! Edward Berwick.

SAVE CALIFORNIA'S PLAY- GROUNDS FOR HER PEOPLE

Our scenery and opportunities for outdoor life are part of the priceless heritage

of our citizens. They add to the joy of living in California.

Yet rapidly our finest outdoor attractions are being lost—our mighty Redwoods and other forests being cut, our sea coast fenced off from the people. (17-Mile Drive for instance).

California must act before it is too late.

Amendment Number 4, State Parks Bond Act, passed unanimously by the last Legislature, aims to save the Redwoods and other primeval forests, to preserve ocean beaches, mountains, lakes and rivers for the public; to set aside sites of historic and scientific interest, in a great state-wide system of parks.

VOTE YES

STATE PARKS

THE REVOLT OF THE Highbrow

As the announcement of voters for Smith which this paper prints elsewhere indicates, "the highbrows," many of whom usually do not take the trouble to vote at all, have come out in force for Alfred E. Smith. And "highbrows" here indicates not hopeless intellectuals, but nationally and internationally famous artists and writers. One writer, who figures prominently in this list, says that this is because the last Administration was so small, so mean, miserly and petty, so low in ideals, that even artists (individuals who do not and cannot act in common) had to come out and register disapproval.

"They are against prohibition, too, of course" said this writer, "because essentially they believe in freedom; they are shocked at the mean basis of our foreign policy for the last four years; they are against the sumptuary laws, against the futility of the world court without any attempt to remove the causes of war, and shocked at the pitiable spectacle of the corruption of the last administration without the slightest sign of indignation on the part of the leaders. That's why these men and women are hoping and voting for a Democratic Administration."

I cannot stand the chatter
When women herd at tea.
Their thoughts are all a-clatter
And clutter up what's me.

—Gene Hailey.

For every man who hoards his precious leisure, there are a thousand who would filch it from him, enriching themselves not, but making him poor indeed.

—Fred deArmond.

You cannot kill time without injuring eternity.

—Thoreau.

My objection to a dog is, that it can't talk English.—But most Frenchmen can't either.

Senator Gore in a radio talk for Al Smith referred to the slogan of the Birth Control League: "Quit your kidding!"

NO, NO! NOT IN THE WHITE HOUSE, NO!

By Lincoln Steffens.

Yes, but—admitting all that goes without saying—how would it look—I mean how would it sound to have laughter ringing in and out of the White House in broad daylight? There has been laughter there before. I have seen T.R. slap his leg and roar, but he put his other hand over his mouth and threw a crafty, respectful glance around at the closed doors. Some sense of decorum. And Harding laughed at me once there. I asked him to join with the governors of states in a general Amnesty for a lot of conscientious criminals who had done foul deeds for a good Labor cause and he said he would if I'd get his cabinet.

"No," he amended, "you get me two and I'll attend to the rest. Get Hoover and Wilson, the Secretary of Labor."

And when I came right back quick with the answer, Harding laughed one short snort which, however, he cut off in apparent fright. No one heard it but a clerk who ran in, looked, saw the president sitting up all dignified and sober, and so knew that he had been mistaken. No one knew, no honest man knows that anyone has ever laughed, heartily, in the White House; not the way Al Smith would laugh, not all over, with glee.

This I am sure of because once when I was in doubt about it—one time when a president was doing things he didn't want to do, but had to; when he was eating dirt and tasting it, I got hold of a menial in the permanent House service and I asked him whether a President didn't ever laugh. He said:

"Yes, they most all do, sometimes, but," he lowered his voice to a whisper, "they have a way of doing it. It's a secret; I mustn't tell you; if it leaked that I told, I'd be fired." And then he did what he ached to do: he told it.

"A President," he said, "after he's broke in, when he just has to bust—a President, he waits till it's bed-time, then he kneels down in his little nightie beside his little bed—just like a poo' little child; he covers his face with his two hands, like he's praying, and buries his whole head in the bed-clothes, and—well, now, to be honest with you, I can't swear to what he does down there, but his shoulders shake and shake and when he rises up there is tears running down his countenance. Maybe he prays and maybe he weeps, but I think—our pinion is that he has been reviewing his day's work, and letting go what he's been holding in, and being honest to God with hisself just for a minute. Any way he's always cross, if he sees you, but he don't mean it. He feels better."

Now this witness was a colored man and

colored folks tell white lies. His testimony may have been colored by his race sense of the pathetic. But, as I was saying, would Al Smith have the decency to do what the other, ordinary, presidents do? Let's suppose that he were elected and in the White House and found he had to do what he did not want to do. And, remember, a president just has to do what other men want him to do. You can't go back on the fellows that have contributed, among them, some millions of money to put you in the White House to save the country. You can not and Al Smith won't. Al may not do as much for as many of them as some presidents have done. He is a Tammany man, you know, and Tammany knows what graft is and what it isn't. A Tammany man never makes a mistake; all his errors are crimes because, dogonit, he is on. Some presidents can think themselves around to believing that a wrong is a right, and that's why they may be really praying when they kneel down at night and shake their shoulders. They have been to college and know how to think. But Al Smith can't. Al Smith is educated (right) and he is experienced (wrong); he is intelligent. The way he laughs, now, before he is elected, shows that.

And so, I ask you in all candor, what will Al Smith do when he is President? What will he do when he finds he isn't the only man that is president? What will he do, when, a democrat, he has to hold up the tariff wall against cheap foreign labor? It isn't enough, you realize, to do that; you got to believe in it, and Al Smith can't swallow that sort of stuff and stay

dignified. And what'll he do when he has to boost business and soak labor? And when he has to stand by fellows that swipe the Tea-pot Dome and other natural resources and turn them into power and campaign contributions? And then, when, against imperialism and out for world-peace and the limitation of armament, he tries to get all the other nations to agree to hold down their armies and navies to no more than we need to lick the weak, little, backward countries that we have to bring into our empire, what will Al Smith do then? And when he is remonstrating with good, old England and bad young Italy and obstinate, intelligent, logical France for their war plans at the very same time he has to be sending a few marines and bombing planes into Nicaragua to slay bandits there, how can he argue with them and keep a straight face? And Mexico, and Cuba, and the Phillipines and—? And the American farmers? And the people?

I tell you President Smith will be apt to laugh. Out loud. In the day time. In the White House.

I tell you this and I warn you; if ever a President laughs, as Mr. Smith surely will laugh, so that the People and the Foreign powers hear him and see him and catch the contagion of it—as they might—then this whole political business will bust, the whole world will shake on its knees, and, worst of all, these United States will never be the same again. Never.

—(Reprinted from "the Laughing Horse")



from a block by Olive Rush.

"Your face is your fortune,
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Books . . .

THE VIRGIN QUEENE.

By Harford Powel Jr.

Little Brown & Co., Boston. 1928.

Why didn't Shakespeare write a play about the vigorous virgin Elizabeth, once Queen of England? Because he knew that good Queen Bess would have had Bill's head on the block in short time. Not so in the day of the flying machine, thought Harford Powel Jr. and he wrote "The Virgin Queene."

Here we have Barnham Dunn, high priest of modern American advertising, suddenly sick with the air of optimism and aggrandizement which he breathes above 42nd St. deciding to settle down in England and create something more subtle than "I was about to become a mother, and I didn't want to be." These are the words of a young matron in Boco Boco, Florida. If you feel toward motherhood as she did, the Wee Visitors department of Home Arts Magazine has a message for you. Thus read the 100 per cent sure fire efforts of America's high priest.

The story proceeds with Barnham seeking Elizabethan inspiration from his manor in Warwickshire until finally Bess and Shakespeare "step forward through the veil of the ages to speak with the compelling and ghostly voices in the ears of the American advertising man." Barnham then writes a romantic play of that bygone era which Powell assures the reader is a masterpiece. With the masterpiece Barnham is plunged into a battle of deceit against the whole British realm because certain Oxford scholars insist the play is a find and was written by none other than Shakespeare himself. There are many means by which Barnham could have gotten out of this unseemly mess, simply an advertisement inserted on the front page of the London Times such as, "I have just had a romantic play and I wish to inform the British public of the legitimacy of my play, it was not by Bill Shakespeare." Such an ad would undoubtedly have ended the book straight away. It is right here also that we should have some constructive criticism. Whether "The Virgin Queene" was intended as an imaginative tale or as a light satirical pass at advertising men I do not know but from the time that the climax is reached the novel falls down rapidly. It becomes strained and a little too farcical to be either human or a product of fantasy. Outside of this slip-up in technique the tale is amusing and only proves further how widespread is the desire for romance even in the heart of the big advertising man.

—Margery Davis.

"I define a good novel in five words: A good story well told."

—William Lyon Phelps.

LITERARY NOTES

Helen Wills will be made a member of the San Francisco branch of the League of American Penwomen at the New Members' Day on Oct. 26th. Miss Wills published a book called "Tennis" this summer, and she is also author of many poems which have appeared in periodicals the last three years.

This Western branch is very vigorous and busy: Mencken may have made fun of the whole organization in a contributed article called "Gifted Gals" recently, but there is no doubt that many potential women writers who might be swallowed up in the routine jobs of housekeeping come out of their shells in an organization like this and write what otherwise might remain merely embittering and cluttering thoughts.

The program is well selected and very varied. In September Grace Thompson Seton, a past national president, gave a talk on the Pan-Pacific Congress at Honolulu. A meeting was held at the East-West Gallery for a review and a viewing of the Rockwell Kent pictures on exhibition there. And later a beautiful George Sterling Memorial Day paid homage to California's (Carmel's) poet. Senator James D. Phelan spoke, Harry Robertson (of Robertson's Book Store) sang songs, and Neville Brush, well-known on the Carmel dramatic stage, gave a reading of Lilit.

The League provides its members with so much entertainment, useful information of the doings of California's writers, and pleasant literary afternoons that it deserves all encouragement and success.

ILLUMINATION

The stars were stepping stones on the
River of Life and Death
Stones for God-feet to be walking
And the Music was the Music of the feet
of Lugh*

Eldana the wise one walking the stars.
And we common folk talked and it was
the poetry of Beauty
Was under us and over us and thru us.

(*LUGH is the Irish pagan God of Love).
—John Varian.

ORAGE SAYS

There is no matter, energy or force; only
an imaginary field in which matter takes
place.

Personality is the sum of our sensations.

We are receiving ten thousand sense im-
pressions every second of time.

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the same response in everyone.

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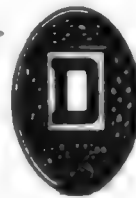
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"TUSKER"

We were hunting in the jungles of Southern India, my friend Bill, his father and I; and it was the morning after our first night in the wilds. On the way to our camping spot we had seen only a few Peacock and many beautiful small birds. I had seen my first tiger track and a good many elephant traces, things that one would hardly notice in a circus but in the jungle would make one look a couple of times and would send a shiver or two down one's spine. That's how green I was.

It was bright and early, still cool when we started with our two Paliar trackers. Bill and I drew lots as to who would get the first shot at the first tusker. He won. It wasn't long before we were in the small rolling foot-hills densely wooded and the sun roasting hot. Our head guide said that this was the range of a big Rogue tusker, one that had a short time ago put a whole village up in the trees, or wherever they go when scared; we never found out as they go where they're going too fast. Sure enough a set of single tracks joined our trail and the native nodded.

At first the excitement was intense as though we'd see the big fellow around the next turn; but after an hour or so we got over that preliminary feeling and became more interested in following the big round imprints. It may seem strange, it did to me, that such a huge beast would leave such a light mark. We had to go rather slowly and make sure of every foot print. Yet they were good and fresh, huge droppings testified to that. He must be cropping the young leaves not very far ahead.

Behind the native came Bill with his eyes glued to the ground, then I came with mine absorbed the same way. Mr. W. was a little in the rear followed by the other native. Track after track went by, not a sound in that great forest. Suddenly Bill ran back past me, whisper-shouting "Hey, Huge Tusker." Looked up and there was the biggest dawgone elephant I had ever seen in a circus or out. He was facing us, standing under a huge tree not ten yards away, his ears were stretched forward, his trunk searching around slowly trying to get a whiff of us, his little pig-like eyes trying their best to see us, two huge yellow tusks pointing straight at us.

Was I scared? I should hope to say I was. Shivers romped up and down my spine chasing each other. I still could move and ducked down behind a bush and found Mr. W. there beside me. I tried to aim at the beast but my knees were shaking so I'd have missed the whole outfit if I had shot. So I kneeled. Bill was playing statue out in front of the Rogue, knowing that an elephant always goes the way he is pointed! We were waiting for Bill to shoot. I think Bill's subconscious was saying something like

saw in the distance the celest-
Carmel's primeval mist, if you shoot and
marvel what mound mad you are in the
direct line of his charge; the others might
only make him madder; by the way do
you remember that you have only a soft
nose bullet in your rifle and that it would
only flatten out on his head and make him
disagreeable? (Bill did) Better wait."
Anyhow Bill did wait and so did we, for
after all it was his first shot; wasn't it?

In the mean time while all these thoughts
were at work and they took about a second
the natives became atmosphere. No one
knew where they went or how but they
did. A native is always interested in the
beginning and end, and in the middle he is
purely an observer if he can see from
where he's safe. While we were all wait-
ing for the other guy to shoot, the tusker
was puzzling over the situation and trying
to decide whether to charge or not. He'd
take a long step forward, sniff some more,
another step, more sniffs, then another
step. I was beginning to think that if he
took many more steps a charge would be
unnecessary!

Still no one shot. Guess we were bluffed
or were we darn good sports? With a
sudden long sniff and a trumpet he
wheeled and broke off into the jungle
smashing everything in the way. He
might as well have charged us. I know
I'd have been unconscious long before he
reached me.

That was the last we ever saw of him and
we looked for him for ten days. Perhaps
he was more scared than we were!

An American Student.

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A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS TO CARMEL

One morning I awakened to find the world all cast over with a deathly gray pall. Stifling smoke entered into me and racked my lungs. The craven faces of poor sodden creatures appeared before me. They were the faces of those that stoke the fires of greed and fill the atmosphere with sulphurous fumes. They are consumed by their own fires. I knew that I too would be consumed by those fires should I abide longer in the City of Destruction. My soul cried aloud, "What shall I do?"

Then a deep sound as of the rushing of a mighty wind filled my soul with a call like its own. And a voice said, "Get ye out of the City of Destruction and go ye to seek the Beulah-land, Carmel." So I sprang from my couch and rushed madly about the City, hurling myself against the walls. But I could find no way out.

Then it was that one of a suave and knowing exterior, soft-spoken and gentle, accosted me with the words.

"Wherefore, my good man, do you so fling ye about? Here, take," and he handed me a tract entitled "The Circle of Enchantment."

"Herein is the answer to your problem. Ten minutes a day... I mean a dollar down and a dollar a month will give you a fine view seat quite near the right hand." Thus spake this evangelist, called Realtor, and he showed me the key to the tract and how to reach the very heart of the Circle of Enchantment.

I then returned to my relatives and packing a few necessities, I said, "Wife of my bosom, children of my loins, this City of Destruction is about to be consumed by carnal fires. I am oppressed with the prospect and besides a great urge expands within me. My soul cries aloud for expression; in short, I am off to Carmel. I leave you to your own devices." So saying I set out with the seeds of sublime æstheticism already quickening.

But ere I had cleared the city gates hard after me came two natives of the place, one Booster bearing a banner called Slogan and one Rotarian rolling a hoop called Service. "Come back," they said, "Would you leave the Best Little Town this side of Heaven, right in God's own Country, where every Dime is a baby Dollar, 100 per cent..."

"Yea, verily," said I as I stuffed up my ears and bore on determinedly.

Great were the dangers and hardships I had to overcome on my journey. But by constant recourse to the inspired passages of my tract always I won free and ever struggled onward. Then a fair day found me far on my journey and tantalizingly near my goal. A brightness of the heavens shone before me as the reflection of a great crown of precious stones: The Circle of Enchantment. I rushed heedlessly onward and topping a high hill I

saw in the distance the celestial spires of Carmel's primeval pines. A figure marvelously clothed beckoned me on. It was the Evangelist, Realtor. Fascinated by that prospect I leaped forward and plunged over an unseen precipice. Down, down I sank into a Slough those delectable mountains, tread that Enchanted Ground? Then just as I was preparing to sink still deeper in the Slough of Despond, Realtor appeared and flung me a long rope, called Contract.

After struggling over many hills I came at last to the edge of Beulah-land, the Heart of the Circle of Enchantment. And I paused there breathless with wonder. And the little art that was soon to be squirmed within as it felt the call of its own. And I knew that once within that balmy fold I would give birth to something great. But just then a great clanking beetle with its heavily segmented proboscis deep in the ground ambled past and I fell into a narrow ditch. Surely I should have been destroyed by a great brown reptile that lay there had not some dignified burghers pulled me forth, saying the while, "You keep away from our sewer."

I strolled happily through the heavenly pines. I had not gone far when I came upon a soft looking road, stepped into it, and sank above my ankles in dust and at the next step I tripped on a root and was laid low in a pot hole. I was near to breaking all my bones and had to lie there moaning and tortured with pain and dust. Night came and terror was added to the other discomforts. For all about me lay those entrapped by the pitfalls of the road and the darkness. Nowhere were there any lights hung to help the traveler. Piteous were the groans and wails, horrible the curses, the dull thuds of falling bodies, the snap of breaking bones, the sinister hisses of thugs in ambush. It was like a recently deserted battlefield. All night long hoof beats rang up and down the streets of the town to the tune of "Silence! Peace! Desist! In the name of the Law, or Ay bane going to lock you up."

My spirit weakened; it well nigh waned with the night, but just at dawn Realtor came with Contract and towed me safely to his lair. Then it was through the magic window of that place that I really saw the Circle of Enchantment, Carmel, Beulah, for the first time. And I knew that I was close upon ultimate expression, achieving one with the great irresistible aesthetic urge that bears this Enchanted Community so inexorably toward divine wholeness.

But it was not until Realtor had placed me tenderly in a lair of my own, one that imaged my own individuality so ineffably —no not until Realtor's friend, Auto-dealer, had sold me the very latest Job to eliminate walking that I found complete unity with the proper ideal in which to bring up little Art. He needs it so, the ugly little brat.

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Bishop Berkeley may have been right after all. I mean there may be something in Subjective Idealism. Of course it would be misleading and highly impractical to walk down the street with your eyes shut and expect not to hit something.

For here in Carmel we have a gathering place for all the spirits of Subjective Idealism. It is a kind of fairy circle where these spirits gather and become manifest.

Unlike most fairy circles this one is at its best between eleven in the morning and five in the afternoon. About the time when most good spirits are resting from the revels of the night before, those friendly and gay-gregarious souls of Carmel come from the far shadowy pastures where roam the noumenal beings of Subjective Idealism. They come to haunt with phenomenal and objective reality those blocks of Ocean Avenue from San Carlos to Monte Verde.

There in the teeming hours of full daylight are the real things themselves. Palpably, obviously real are the familiar habits of that strand of Ocean Avenue that is at once Esplanade, Plaza, town park, caucus, bourse, arena, symposium and salon. Here they gather in business dress, sport wear, evening clothes, negligee, deshabelle. They stroll, they canter, they stand, they sleep, they drive and they sit—unfailingly they sit—together, alone, in threes, and in hundreds.

But close your eyes and they vanish, stop your ears and they are silent, come before eleven or after five and they do not exist. Subjective Idealism! What happens to the charming spirits of our fairy circle of enchantment, the witty ones, the gay ones, the dour and portentous? Do they, can they exist apart from the world of Ocean Avenue? Have they homes, do they eat, do they work, do they really live?

These are rather like the questions that nearly stumped Bishop Berkeley. People asked him if things only existed for them when they were there to see them, hear them, or feel them. And, if that was true, what then happened to things when no one was around to make them exist? But this was an easy one for the good Bishop. Having achieved a bishopric he was not to be stumped, and being a kindly ecclesiastic and idealist he would not fail his fellow men. So he told the doubters this in effect: If things are not existing in your mind then they may be existing in the mind of some other person, but if there absolutely isn't a soul around, why then they exist in the mind of God. Easy.

And I tell you in order to ease my conscience and gladden your hearts that these frequenters of the fairy circle are all quite alive in the hearts and homes of their friends.
—D T P.

Dr. Raymond Brownell

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82.

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THE CARMELITE, October 24, 1928

DEAD YET ALIVE

Some time ago Mr. Steffens was inter-
viewed by Mr. Cerwin, an enterprising
young journalist on the San Jose Mercury
Herald, and the interview was called
The Art Of Dying. Mr. Steffens pointed
out that in coming to Carmel he had
died and gone to Heaven. Mr. Cerwin
made of the material on Pete another
story which he sent to "Children: A
Magazine for Parents." The following
reply was received from the magazine:

"Dear Mr. Cerwin,

Mr. Hecht has referred to me your
article, "The Man who Invaded the
Nursery." The news of Lincoln Steffens'
death came almost simultaneously. In
view of this circumstance I am afraid
that we cannot use this article."

Mr. Cerwin was not satisfied, and spent
much time endeavoring to confirm or
deny the rumor. Finally he wrote a letter
to headquarters, to the man under
suspicion,

To which the dead man replied:

"Dear Mr. Cerwin,

You ask me if I am dead? You, who
killed me? Did not you report in your
San Jose paper that I had died, gone to
heaven and was preparing to write
critically upon the Art of Dying? You
did, and now you ask me if it is true
Newspaper men have no self-respect; they
don't believe their own stories and when
someone else credits them they wonder.

Of course as a matter of fact, I am no
more dead than you and your New
York Editor. We are all in the same
case with the mass of men. The only
difference is that I know my state and
you fellows don't.

Yours anyhow

Lincoln Steffens.

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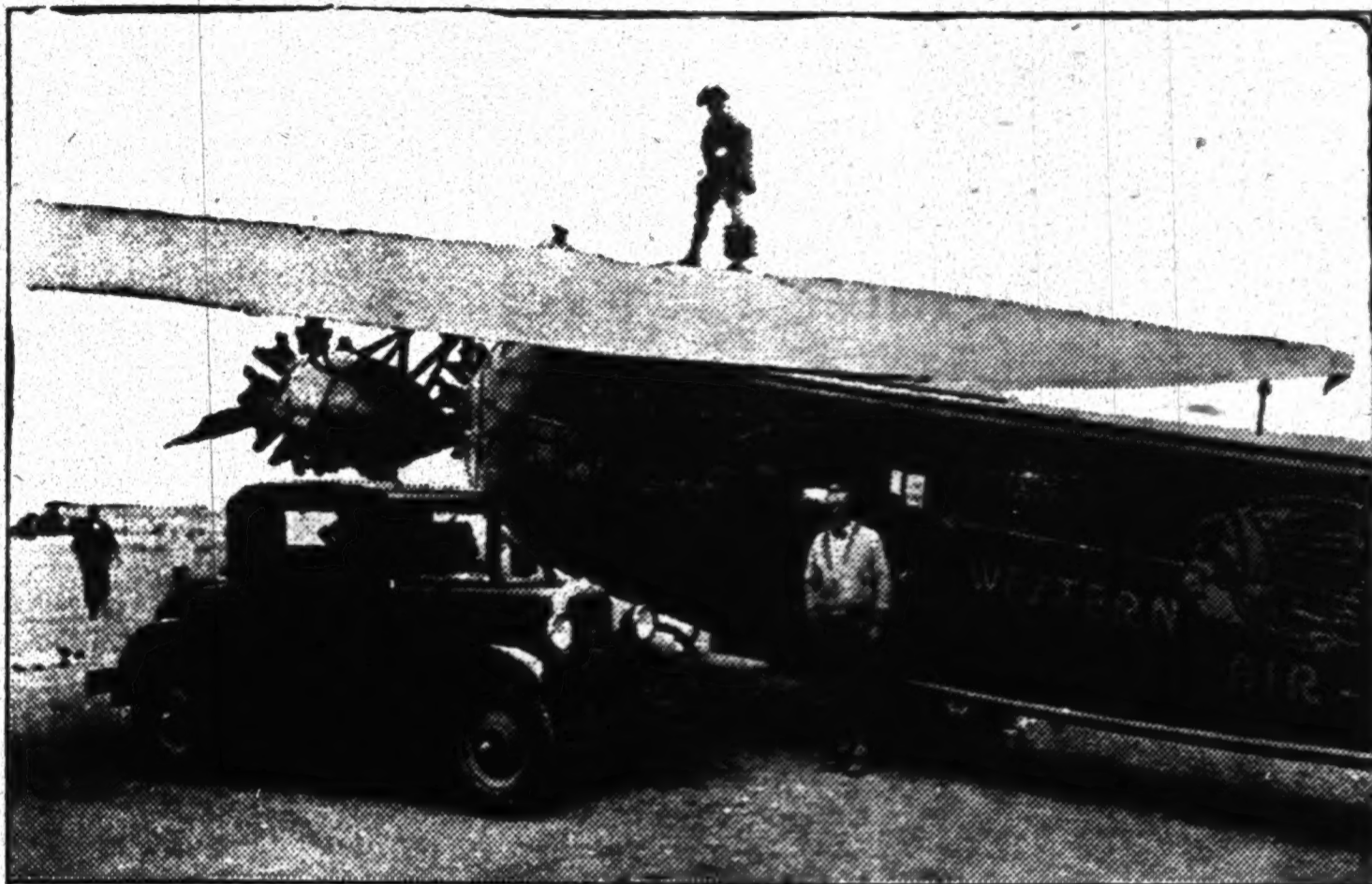
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A good home for a pekin-
ese puppy, four months
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GOODYEAR TIRES

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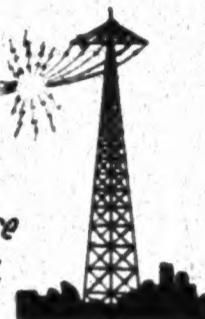
"From harmony from heavenly harmony
This universal frame began"



This fellow lost it because he
listened to ordinary radio

Ret Alter's
RADIO

*Catering to those
who appreciate Quality.*



LABORATORY

466 Alvarado St. Monterey Calif.

Telephone 1190



This man kept it.
He has a

ZENITH
-LONG DISTANCE- **RADIO**

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Domestic Schedule

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**For
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